

"The Terrible Infants" by Oliver Lansley: Fairy Tales for Adults

An Honors Thesis and Directing Capstone

(HONR 499)

by

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Abstract

Oliver Lansley's "The Terrible Infants" is collection of unique fairy tales. It was written in an effort to make adults feel like children. I produced and directed , in collaboration with other artists, a full production of this script. Performances were scheduled to take place in the L.A. Pittenger Student Center room 301/302. The following thesis will elaborate on the process from start to finish.

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank Karen Kessler for advising me and keeping me sane through this process. Her help was, as always, invaluable.

I would also like to thank the following for their collaboration and assistance through this process:

Josh Dean, Riley Gray, Brittany Thomas, Aaron Haeberle, and Andrew Walker for stepping in and performing so wonderfully.

Taylor Poer, Ru Weller-Passman, Sam Courter, Sam Sheeks, and Danielle Cunningham for helping with the design and execution of this show.

Additional acknowledgments can be found on the back of the playbill which can be found in the appendices.

Artist Statement and Process

The process for producing and directing this script was intense. I discovered in December, after my first proposal had been approved, that I would not be able to obtain the rights to the script I originally wanted due to there being no official US Premiere yet. I searched through every play I owned and knew about to find a suitable replacement until I came across "The Terrible Infants" by Oliver Lansley again. Every time I pick up this script, I am unable to put it down before finishing it. I previously decided not to use this script because it requires lots of props, most of which are specialized and cannot be bought at a store but this time I decided to give it a chance and see how things went. I knew "The Terrible Infants" would challenge me in many ways. As stated before, the script requires several props including a doll that is piecemealed together from several types of fabric. It also shifts from one tale to the next without much explanation. The characters are all performers putting on a show from the beginning to the end and offers little detail on what make each one distinct. Knowing all of this prior to selecting this script, I felt ready to tackle anything it could throw at me. It was very different from previous works I have directed because of these aspects and would require lots of effort on my part to obtain a cohesive final product. I resubmitted a proposal and when approved, went forward with a whole new production to mount.

First, I had to start the analysis process. The main form of analysis I used is called Burkean Anaylsis. Burkean Analysis requires looking through the script word by word to find clusters. These clusters can appear as words repeating themselves or synonyms appearing. They can also be apparent through their antonyms. Words that appear more than others usually indicate the author's purpose. This can help determine what is the intent behind each scene. It can also help determine the tone of each section. If the words clusters are particularly harsh, it may mean the scene has more elements of danger than others.

The next step was to find actors and designers but since the Department of Theatre and Dance has so many productions and activities occurring in April, it became difficult to find available people. After many months and lots of emails, texts and Facebook messages, I final secured a full cast and was breathing easy. Then an actor sustained a concussion which forced her to drop the project. Another actor had the dates for her final project get changed on her which caused conflict with our performance dates. Another actor did not plan his time well and had conflicts we were unaware of before the rehearsal process began. The trend seemed to continue this way every time we felt like things were looking up until it became a running joke that the show was cursed. We finally secured a wonderful stage manager and design team which alleviated some of the concerns. But we were struggling to find some of our replacement actors. Finally, I contacted a friend who is studying to be a director in the Telecommunication Department and asked if he would be interested in learning about the process for directing live theatre by being one of my actors; he accepted and we only had one role left to fill. My assistant director, who was also in *The Vagina Monologue* and Prism Project at the time, agreed to fill the final role with only two weeks left in rehearsals.

Rehearsals themselves were fun and informative. We had difficulty finding times that worked for a majority of the cast since it is an ensemble show and everybody is always on stage. Mostly we rehearsed for two or three hours for four to five days out of the week which meant less time to work on things than we would prefer. Generally, only three actors were present out of a five person ensemble cast; there were approximately five times we had a full cast in the rehearsal room to run through the show and work on moments. This meant I had to make sure I knew what we needed to work on and compare it to what we could work on based on who was in rehearsal each night. There was a lot of preplanning that went into each rehearsal because we had so little time to work. I had them do a lot of exercises as ways to build each character while having fun. The forward to the script notes that it was written to make adults feel like children so I tried to structure rehearsals in a way that made the college student who were performing remember the carefree nature of children. We began every rehearsal with tongue twisters and activities that built energy. We spent time finding our inner child by dancing like toddlers and telling our tales from the script to my twelve year old sister. We worked on each character's odd movement pattern with our movement coach, Sam Sheeks. Near the end of one rehearsal, I told the cast I have no clue how Thingummyboy's story was supposed to look. I told them the tone I wanted it to live in and asked them to spend ten minutes devising a way to tell this story without any words. The text of this tale reads more like narration than dialogue, especially with sections being sung by Male Musician, so I wanted to be able to frame it the way scenes from a book appear in the reader's mind as they read. I left the room during the devising time so they would not feel pressured during their creation. When I returned after the ten minutes they showed me what they had created. It was obviously very haphazard due to the time limit, but during their devising they had created some beautiful images that invoked the mood we wanted to achieve and told the story effectively. They were simple movements but very distinct. The next rehearsal, I had a plan for how to handle Thingummyboy's tale using the images they had created as the foundation for the whole story. In the end, it became the favorite story for all of us, not only because it was very different from all the other tales in format but because it felt like the most collaborative piece we created. This tale, more than anything, reaffirmed the type of theatre I am interested in producing.

But why does this tale matter? How is it not just a fun piece to perform? Where is the depth? These are questions we struggled with because none of us wanted to produce a superficial, entertainment only show; there is nothing wrong with those pieces but it was not what we intended to produce. Then we remembered fairy tales were created to entertain and educate. Every fairy tale has a moral or a lesson; some are explicit in their intent and others are more subtle. Oliver Lansley's "The Terrible Infants" tends to error on the side of explicit explanations of the moral. As a result, during the production process the actors and myself strove to find ways to connect these morals to social and political issues within our modern American society that we then visually expressed for the audience. We went through several examples for each of the six tales within this script until we arrived at ones that seemed to structurally fit the context the best. Then, I went through our props for each scene and labeled them in ways that

clearly created connections to the political or social issue for the audience. To ensure the audience members understand the connection, our dramaturge, Ru Weller-Passman, created a lobby display detailing the issues further. This display was visible before and after all the performances. Included in this display was a poster that asked every person to contribute a single line to a fairy tale to create a unique tale. A typed version of this tale can be found in the appendices. We did this as another way of connecting our production directly to the audience. Influenced by the research on political and social issues surrounding the poster, the audience quickly made the story inclusive with a spin on the idea of the traditional villain.

Everything moved along in the process and we reached opening night. We were scheduled to perform three shows on April 18th and 19th but only made it through one and half performances. It seemed our curse had carried over and the actress who was also my assistant director became very sick during intermission of our second show. She kept saying she was fine and just needed a moment to cool down. We agreed to let her rest for intermission and see how she was doing at the end if she took anti-inflammatory pain killers just in case. I went in to announce that we were holding intermission a bit longer while we obtain the medicine. Karen Kessler, my advisor, was present that this particular show and asked what was holding everything up. After I explained, we debated whether we should allow Riley to continue performing the last few minutes or send her home in hopes that she would feel well enough to perform the last show. Finally, we decided to just send her home. This was a good call because when we went out to inform Riley, she was no longer holding it together and it was very clear that she was very ill. She felt even worse the next day and could not perform so our third show was cancelled as well. Unfortunately, I was recording the second performance for as part of this thesis. We only got the first act recorded and since the second act is very different, it would be a disservice to provide it as a testament to our work.

Despite all the issues this production faced, I would do it all over again. I learned how to handle awkward transitions in the text. I learned that taking a step back from the text and doing character exercises is extremely useful. I learned that if everybody just relaxes instead of fretting, the work will get done and be better for it. I learned to trust my instinct as a director and it is not weak to have to ask for help. We also raised \$57 for Room to Read, a non-for-profit that supplies books and libraries to underprivileged children around the world.

Appendices A

Playbill

Note: This playbill was created by Josh Dean. It was originally folded and handed to each audience member as they entered the room.

SPECIAL THANKS

Karen Kessler
Michael Dachin
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Hailey Holder
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Quinn Weller
Alyssa Vanstyck
Cal Kain
Dan and Donna Hall
Cherie Parramare
Elizabeth Anderson
Heather Kinser
Joanna Sanchez
Lulu Meador
Bob Prescott
Stuart Wilson

The whole cast and crew

WRITTEN BY
OLIVER
LANSLEY

Presented by
RENEGADE
Productions

THE

Terrible Infants

DIRECTED
BY MEGAN
HOLDER

APRIL 18TH AT 6:30PM AND 10:00PM
APRIL 19TH AT 3:00PM

STUDENT CENTER ROOM 301/302

\$1 FOR CHILDREN 16 AND UNDER
\$3 FOR ADULTS

TICKET SALES GO TO: ROOM TO READ

CAST

Narrator.....	Josh Dean
Female Storyteller.....	Brittany Thomas
Male Storyteller.....	Aaron Haeblerle
Male Musician.....	Andrew Walker
Female Musician.....	Riley Gray

DESIGNERS

Stage Manager.....	Taylor Poer
Director.....	Megan Holder
Assistant Director.....	Riley Gray
Movement Coach.....	Sam Sheeks
Poster/Playbill Design.....	Samantha Courter
Linena Crafter.....	Danielle Cunningham
Toy Box Maker.....	Stephen Kendall

A NOTE FROM THE DIRECTOR

How can one be well...when one suffers morally?
—Leo Tolstoy

Fairy tales exist in a magical world where anything can happen but there is always a reason and a moral. In life, anything can happen and the reason may be unclear and often, so is the moral. Our world is far from perfect but it is important to always continue to move forward and strive to be better people, neighbors, workers, etc. The hope is that these biblical morals leave you wanting to be a better human being regardless of where you stand on the issues presented.

—Megan Holder

Appendices B

Poster

Note: This playbill was created by Sam Courter. It was originally printed on 11 x 17" paper and posted around campus and on the doors of the performance room.

WRITTEN BY
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LANSLEY

DIRECTED
BY MEGAN
HOLDER

THE

Terrible S Infants

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Appendices C
Dramaturgy Tale

Note: This tale was created by the audience in connection with the political and social issues that our production dealt with. It was never finished as we did not have our last performance.

Once Upon a time there lived a princess in a wheelchair. She had a great fondness for the crocodile who lived in the moat as he never seemed to be either impressed or concerned with her disability. The princess would go out every day and talk to her friend. One time, she brought the croc a chicken. Her father, the king, was concerned that by feeding meat to the crocodile she was "enabling" him. So the king sent for one of his trusted knights out to assess the crocodiles character and moral standing. The knights marched to the moat and watched the crocodile for five whole seconds before proclaiming "long, shiny teeth could pierce the princess's skin." So he pulled out his lance and prepared to charge the crocodile, a mighty battle cry spring from his lips, "To Valhalla, you vile beat. you will never come near my king's poor, precious daughter again!"

Appendices D
Design Information

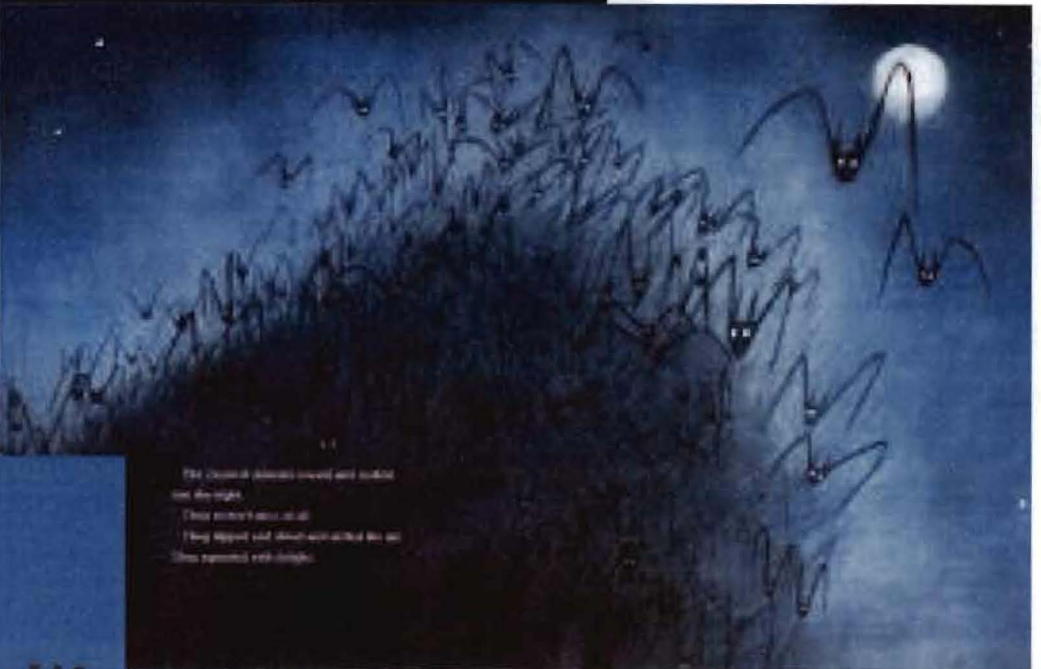
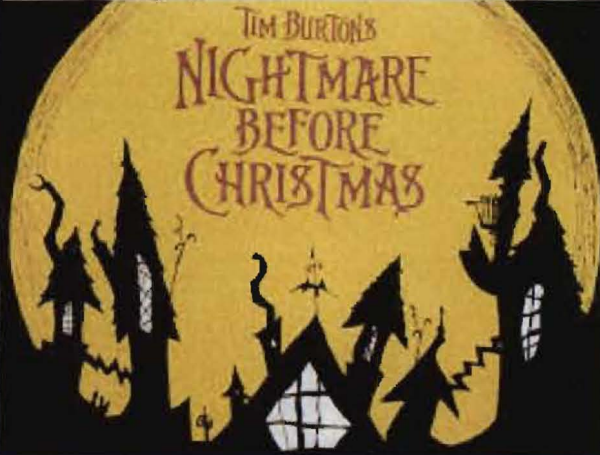
Note: This information was sent to each of the designers before they began to create their first drafts.

I have attached the script as well as some images that inspire the style a lot. The swooping of the background in the "Nightmare Before Christmas" image but some of the sharp lines from the "Nightmare 2" mix well. I like the "Corpse Bride" image for its simplicity. "Coraline" has its central image but there is so much to see even though very few objects are drawn. It is just so compelling that your eyes keep travelling. "Burton shadows" is interesting for its dichotomy and play on lighting. Insomniacs is a book I found last semester that I can let you borrow if you need to see the other images. These ones are my favorites. "Spiders" is fascinating because we see that there is a horde of spiders but they don't have a lot of details individually. I like the idea that we know what things are without seeing every detail. (Expressionism basically. Distortion reveals truth). "Bridges" is great for its use of different colors but a simple form to create waves. I have also included "Insomniacs cover" so you can see how they chose to play around with that. This work is so different than any of the Brothers Hilts' other works.

We're playing around with a lot of blues and blacks during the show. I'm painting the toy box (our main prop piece) blue, black and white. Linena will have her base form be blue. Tumb will be blue and black. Tilly's tail will be blue and black and white. Beatrice's hair will be black and blue.

I like blue as the central color because it can have a darkness to it without making anyone too frightened like red can. These tales are a little dark in that they never give you an ending. Children should be allowed to see this show without having nightmares but adults should squirm a little. So blue is a nice way to darker the show visually without overdoing it.

Let me know if you have any questions.



RISE TO THE OCCASION THIS SEPTEMBER

Appendices E
Burkean Analysis

Note: Word clusters are underlined.

Foreword

The Terrible Infants is my homage to all the great children's stories I remember from my youth. Be it Ronald Dahl or The Brothers Grimm, the stories I remembered most were always the ones that scared and excited me, the ones that challenged me.

The Terrible Infants was about exploring that most basic form of storytelling. Though it is important to note that we never set out to create a 'children's show', rather a show that made grown-ups feel like children. A small but fundamental distinction!

The copy you read here is in script form- in line with our production of the piece. But it is worth noting that when we started the rehearsal process we were working with the stories in prose form, based upon stories originally conceived by myself and Illustrator/Designer Sam Wyer.

We then went about dividing them up and creating the full production and narrative around them.

In line with the content of the piece our process was very childlike- we approached the stories like children in a back garden, rooting through a dressing-up box, looking for bits of junk to try and help us find interesting and inventive ways to tell our stories. This approach very much coloured the production as a whole and I think that sense of 'play' is vital ingredient in the success of this piece.

It's pure old-fashion storytelling- for all the effects and puppets and music that we involved in the piece we always wanted to know that underneath it all, when everything was stripped back, it could still work and engage in its simplest form- someone on a stage telling the audience a story.

I've been lucky enough to have toured the world with *The Terrible Infants*, playing to all different age groups and often to audiences where English isn't been their first language and I think it is simplicity mentioned above that has made that possible- everyone loves a good story.

Oliver Lansley

Act One

NARRATOR: Tilly loved telling tales, but the tales Tilly told tended to be totally untrue.

Little Tilly love to lie she didn't know why, it just made her feel funny inside,

Like the buzzing of a little bee in her belly, excited from too much honey.

Each little lie to her was like a treat, like riding on a rollercoaster or sucking on a sugary sweet.

She never considered that cost of her corrupt concoctions.

As far as she was concerned consequences were continental cars
and repercussions were the repetitive rhythms of a big bass drum.

She'd say she had when she hadn't and she hadn't when she had,
said she couldn't when she wouldn't, which drove everybody mad.

MALE STORYTELLER: 'A Lion ate my homework.'

FEMALE STORYTELLER: 'My granny isn't well.'

MALE STORYTELLER: 'That glass of cola spilt itself, I saw the way it fell.'

FEMALE STORYTELLER: 'I cannot go to school today the doctor says I'm dying.'

MALE MUSICIAN: 'I saw a giant porky pig and guess what....? It was flying!'

FEMALE STORYTELLER: He did it,

MALE STORYTELLER: She did it,

FEMALE STORYTELLER: I didn't know,

MALE STORYTELLER: I wasn't there,

FEMALE STORYTELLER: I didn't see,

MALE STORYTELLER: It couldn't be,

FEMALE STORYTELLER: It never was because,

MALE STORYTELLER: because....

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Because.

NARRATOR: She'd stuff her stories with so many staggering slurs that she was sometimes sick from the incessant spinning of so many yarns.

But she didn't care. She simply loved to lie.

One day as Tilly toddled along her merry way manufacturing her most recent melody of miscellaneous mistrusts.

She came across a strange old lady staggering slowly down the street.

Hunched and stooped, her skin sagged and bagged and wrinkled and crinkled and hung from her brittle bony body.

Upon her back she carried a sack that begged to burst all over the dusty dirt track.

It whimpered and whined, it grunted and groaned,

it bleated and bellyached, it mumbled and moaned

Tilly watched as the sack's seams stretched and the stitches slowly start to snap.

Until finally with one exhausted but triumphant tear the sack relented and liberated its load all over the road.

MALE STORYTELLER: 'little girl, little girl,'

NARRATOR: crowed the old crone.

MALE STORYTELLER: 'Perhaps you could help me in picking up this pile of my precious possessions.'

NARRATOR: Tilly looked down at the mammoth mess and thought what long and tedious time it would take to tidy.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: 'I'd love to.'

NARRATOR: chirped Tilly....

FEMALE STORYTELLER: 'but...'

NARRATOR: And the long list of lies leapt effortlessly to her mind,

Twirling around her tongue, each praying to be picked.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: 'I have a meeting with a magician and I mustn't keep him waiting.

He's teaching me to turn cabbage into candy, quite a tasty trick I'm sure you will agree.

So awfully sorry but as you can see I simply cannot stay to help.'

NARRATOR: The old woman looked at her as if she could see right through her fragile flesh and bone.

MALE STORYTELLER: 'You know it's a terrible thing to tell tales.'

NARRATOR: The old hag hissed...

Tilly paused for a moment, never having been caught out so quickly before and resolved to carry on, she was after all the best in the bluffing business.'

FEMALE STORYTELLER: 'It's the truth!'

NARRATOR: Chirped Tiller.

But her conviction and confidence began to drain from her brain,
As the old woman's eyes dug deeper and deeper into the depths of her soul,
where Tilly knew there was a hole,
where the truth should have been.

MALE STORYTELLER: 'When you tell too many tall tales, those tales have a tendency to take over,

growing bigger and uglier and stronger and scarier,

layering lie upon lie, fib upon fib.

White lies turn to grey and grey turns to black,

while you're lugging around this huge tale on your back

It's always behind you, but none of its true,

And soon you can't control the tale, it is the tale that controls you!'

NARRATOR: Tilly looked up at the old lady whose eyes burnt with a fierce flame.

But rather than heed this word of warning.

She simply laughed and skipped off down the dusty dirt track,

Leaving the old lady to clean up her clutter herself.

NARRATOR: This is Tumb.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: This is Tumb's Tum.

MALE MUSICIAN: This is Tumb's Mum.

This is Tumb's Mum?

MALE STORYTELLER: What? So I have to play the old woman again?

MALE MUSICIAN: *This* is Tumb's Mum

MALE STORYTELLER: (as Tumb's Mum.) Good evening.

NARRATOR: Tumb is hungry;

(as Tumb.) I'm Hungry!

FEMALE STORYTELLER: When Tumb is hungry his tum grunts and grumbles and groans;

(As Tumb's Tum.) Grrrrrrrrrr

MALE STORYTELLER: Tumb's Mum says he must wait until dinner;

(As Tumb's Mum.) You'll wait until dinner young fellow me lad!

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Tumb's Tum says he can't wait;

(As Tumb's tum.) I can't wait!

MALE STORYTELLER: Tumb's Mum says if he doesn't stop eating he will get an upset Tum;

(As Tumb's Mum.) If you don't stop eating you will get an upset Tum!

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Tumb's Tum disagrees;

(As Tumb's Tum.) I strongly disagree! Buuurp!

NARRATOR: Tumb is torn between his Tum and his Mum.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: (AS Tumb's Tum.) I want sweets!

MALE MUSICIAN: Groans Tumb's Tum,

MALE STORYTELLER: (As Tumb's Mum.) No sweets...

MALE MUSICIAN: Moans Tumb's Mum,

FEMALE STORYTELLER: (as Tumb's Tum.) I want sweets!

MALE MUSICIAN: Groans Tumb's Tum.

MALE STORYTELLER: (As Tumb's Mum.) No more sweets...

MALE MUSICIAN: Moans Tumb's Mum.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: (As Tumb's Tum.) I want sweet!

MALE STORYTELLER: (As Tumb's Mum.) No more sweets....

FEMALE STORYTELLER: (As Tumb's Tum.) I want sweets!

MALE STORYTELLER: (As Tumb's Mum.) NO MORE SWEETSSSS!!!

MALE MUSICIAN: Just give him some bloomin' sweets!

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Tumb eats ice cream.

MALE MUSICIAN: Tumb eats cupcakes.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Tumb eats lollies.

MALE MUSICIAN: Tumb eats busicuits.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Tumb eats Marlon Brando!

Silence.

MALE MUSICIAN: Tumb eats bon bons.

Tumb eats.... Tumb eats....

FEMALE STORYTELLER: (As Tumb's giant Tum.) I want sweets!

MALE STORYTELLER: (As Tumb's Mum.) No more sweets.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: (As Tumb's giant Tum.) I want sweets.

MALE STORYTELLER: (As Tumb's Mum.) No more sweets.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: (As tumb's giant Tum.) I want sweets!

MALE STORYTELLER: (As Tumb's Mum.) NO MORE SWEETSSSS!!!

NARRATOR: Tumb is torn between his tum and his mum.

Beat.

Tumb eats his Mum!

MALE STORYTELLER: (AS Tumb's Mum.) Aaaaarrrrrgggggghhhhhh

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Now Tumb has eaten his Mum there is no one left to cook for Tumb.

Tumb's Tum begins to mutter, mumble and moan,

But something is different.

MALE STORYTELLER: (As Tumb's Mum.) No more sweets....

FEMALE STORYTELLER: ...Comes the voice from Tumb's Tum,

It's the voice of Tumb's Mum and she sounds upset.

MALE STORYTELLER: (As Tumb's Mum.) No more sweets!

FEMALE STORYTELLER: She mumbles, grumbles and moans.

No Tumb has and upset Tum and an upset Mum,

NARRATOR: (As Tumb.) And no one left to cook for Tumb!

FEMALE STORYTELLER: As time passes Tumb's Tum begins to shrink and shrivel,

as Tumb's Mum refuses to let in any more food.

Soon Tumb has almost no Tum at all and he is as thin as a stick, as skinny as a rake,

except for the Mum shaped bump that sits where his Tum used to be.

MALE STORYTELLER: (As Tumb's Mum.) No more sweets!

FEMALE STORYTELLER: There will be no more sweets for Tumb.

NARRATOR: If only Tumb had listened to the moans of his Mum and not the groans of his Tum,

Maybe Tumb's Mum would still be around to cook for Tumb.

But alas all that's left is Tumb...

MALE STORYTELLER: ...and his Tum shaped Mum or his MUM shaped Tum...

NARRATOR: either way there will be no more sweets for Tumb.

MALE STORYTELLER: So if you're ever torn between a moan and a groan,

listen to your Mum and not your Tum!

NARRATOR: Many weeks passed and Tilly continued to spout he silly stories,

uttering untold untruths and fountains of fibs, fictions and falsehoods
at every opportunity she got.

Never once deviating from her deceitful and duplicitous disposition.

Until one day Till did something terrible.

So terrible I'm scared to even say it out loud.

So naughty she knew she'd be in big trouble if she was ever found out.

Worse than the time she forgot to pay for those penny sweets.

Worse than the time she shattered Mother's ming vase.

Even worse than the time she tried to test if cat really did have nine lives.

It was truly terrible and she knew that there was only one way out...

To lie like she'd never lied before,

To weave a web of deceit so grand that even the smartest spider would have been
impressed by its silky strands.

And so she began...

FEMALE STORYTELLER: (As Tilly) 'It wasn't me, it couldn't have been me,

you see, at the time the dastardly deed was done I had gone to the bakers to buy buns.

But the baker had been trapped in his oven by a wicked witch,

who'd wanted him to bake her a big gingerbread house.

When he refused she bashed him on the bonce with her broom,

and bundled him into the oven!

I tried to open the oven door but it was too heavy and I simply wasn't strong enough.

NARRATOR: So I sprinted down to the woodcutters cabin, hoping he could help.

But when I reached the cutter's cottage, the cutter wasn't there.

Just a wolf, sitting at his table, smiling with satisfaction and licking his lips,

and from the beast's belly I could hear the cutter's concerned cries!

FEMALE STORYTELLER: So I ran and I ran to the butcher's in hope he could bring his big butcher's knife...

NARRATOR: ...and rescue the woodcutter from the wolf, so the woodcutter could rescue the baker from burning in his big baker's oven.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: But when I got to the butcher's, his adobe was abandoned and in his back garden was a big beanstalk...

NARRATOR: ...that carried on up into the clouds. So I scrambled up the sizable stalk where I found a colossal castle.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: And in the castle lived a grumpy giant who had butcher-napped the butcher, with the grand plan of grinding his bones to bake his bread!

NARRATOR: I knew I had to rescue the butcher from the big bread making giant,
so the butcher could rescue the woodcutter from the wolf,
and the woodcutter could rescue the baker from burning in his big baker's oven!

FEMALE STORYTELLER: So I found the cage in which the ogre held his hostage,
and passing a golden goose along the way...

NARRATOR: ...I snuck silently past the sleeping giant, and creeping quietly, I acquired the key for the cage from the captor's clutches.

So I rescue the butcher from the big bread making giant...

FEMALE STORYTELLER: ...and we shot down the stalk and into his shop to fetch his big butcher knife,
then scuttled to the cutter cabin...

NARRATOR: ...where the woodcutter used his big axe to break down the dorm
and rescue the baker from burning in his big baker's oven.

NARRATOR: And once everyone was rescued,
we went back to the butchers where the woodcutter hacked down the beanstalk with his hatchet....

FEMALE STORYTELLER:the butcher sliced up the wolf into fillets...

NARRATOR:... and the baker baked it in a pie...

FEMALE STORYTELLER: ...which we all ate for supper.

So you see it simply couldn't have been me...

NARRATOR: ...for I was busy all day long.

MALE STORYTELLER: (holding the storybook)

Initially everyone seemed satisfied with this extraordinary explanation.

But as Tilly told this tallest of tales something very strange began to happen.

At the bottom of her back, just above her bum,

she began to feel a bizarre bump that hadn't been there before.

And as her tale got bigger and bigger, so did the bump.

Until Tilly had what could only be described as a tail attached to her tiny behind.

And as her tale grew and grew so did her tail,

snaking down her trouser leg until it poked out proudly at the bottom.

NARRATOR: At first Tilly tried to hide her tail,

she'd wrap it round her tiny waist, or strap it to her thigh,

but it simply kept escaping....

(The PLAYERS begin to converse loudly and conspiratorially with each other)

NARRATOR: At first Tilly tried to hide her tail,

she'd wrap it round her tiny waist, or strap it to her thigh,

but it simply kept escaping no matter how hard she would try...

(Again he is interrupted by the actions of the PLAYERS.)

NARRATOR: At first Tilly tried to hide her tail,

she'd wrap it round her tiny waist, or strap it to her thigh,

but it simply kept escaping no matter how hard she would try...

(The PLAYERS throw a dustbin over the NARRATOR's head to start the next story.)

FEMALE STORYTELLER: (Pointing at the NARRATOR with a bin over his head)

This is Mingus!

NARRATOR: No!

MALE STORYTELLER: This is Mingus!

NARRATOR: No!

MALE STORYTELLER: This is Mingus?

NARRATOR: No!

(They take the bin off, the NARRATOR is furious, he gathers himself to start again.)

NARRATOR: At first Tilly tried to hide her tail,

she'd wrap it round her tiny waist, or strap it to her thigh,

but it simply kept escaping....

(The Players push the NARRATOR back into the bin so he is sitting in it and is now stuck. They are free to start the next story referring to the NARRATOR now as the character MINGUS.)

FEMALE STORYTELLER: This is Mingus!

MALE STORYTELLER: Mingus is filthy!

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Mingus is so filthy in fact that fungus grows from Mingus,

MALE STORYTELLER: Or did Mingus grow from fungus?

FEMALE STORYTELLER: No one could quite remember.

MALE STORYTELLER & Female STORYTELLER: Whatever Mingus's fingers fiddle with becomes riddled with filth and fungus!

MALE STORYTELLER: Wherever he puts his mitts goes mouldy.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Whatever he touches turns to toadstools.

MALE STORYTELLER: Wherever he stand stinks and stagnates.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Mingus Mings!

MALE STORYTELLER & FEMALE STORYTELLER: Mingus Mings.

Mingus Mings.

Mingus MINGS!!!

(Mingus drags himself offstage dejected.)

MALE MUSICIAN: No one wanted to play with Mingus...

FEMALE STORYTELLER: because they don't want to start growing fungus!

MALE STORYTELLER: And besides not many can stand the stench, the whiff, the honk, the hummmm,

That seems to follow Mingus,

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Or that Mingus seems to follow

(Drumroll.)

MALE STORYTELLER: He's dirtier than dirt,

FEMALE STORYTELLER: He's grimier than grime.

MALE STORYTELLER: He'd be doing time, if being mucky was a crime.

MALE STORYTELLER & FEMALE STORYTELLER: Here's Mingus...

MALE STORYTELLER: Mingus tried to have a bath once,

FEMALE STORYTELLER: but he was so grubby that he turned the water into slime.

MALE STORYTELLER: And what used to be his bathtub is not a stinky swamp,

FEMALE STORYTELLER: swimming with smelly creatures,

MALE STORYTELLER: many species still unknown to science,

FEMALE STORYTELLER: But impossible to investigate,

MALE STORYTELLER: as it is too infested for scientists to explore.

MALE MUSICIAN: (trying to join in on the banter.)

Yeah, yeah, yeah I hear they are working on a new stink-proof suit but as yet nothing can withstand the ming of Mingus....

....Because he smells?

FEMALE STORYTELLER & MALE STORYTELLER: ...with his putrid pong!

MALE MUSICIAN: Sometimes Mingus gets miserable, because even the flies won't follow him around,
finding him too grooty even by their stinking standards,
Mingus doesn't really want to be manky,
But then he doesn't really want to wash either.

MALE STORYTELLER: Mingus' home is so full of mess and muck,
that there is no longer any room for Mingus,
And he has to sleep outside in the dustbin to keep warm.

FEMALE MUSICIAN: One rare day, when the bin men made a brave visit to his house,
they picked up Mingus' Bin (which still had Mingus in),
And chucked it in the back of their big bin van.
Poor little Mingus was still fast asleep,
Snoring soundly as the truck sped away.

NARRATOR: (As himself.)
And so that was the last that anyone ever saw of little Mingus,
Though not the last they saw of fungus.
Some say he is now dwelling at the dump,
where he feels quite at home. So...

MALE STORYTELLER: (Interrupting him by putting the bin over his head.)
...if you encounter Mingus,
be sure to wash your fingers...

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Or you may just find that fungus starts to grow all over you!

NARRATOR: At first Tilly tried to hide her tail.

She'd wrap it round her waist, or strap it to her thigh...

(FEMALE STORYTELLER interrupts him by making the buzzing noise of a bee.)

NARRATOR: At first Tilly tried to hide her tail...

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Buzzzzzzzzzz

NARRATOR: At first Tilly....

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Buzzzzzzzz

NARRATOR: At first Tilly...

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Buzzzzzzzz

NARRATOR: At first Tilly tried to hide her tail...

FEMALE STORYTELLER: BUZZZZZZZZ!!!!

NARRATOR: Oh for goodness sake!

VOICEOVER: Beatrice had a bee in her bonnet.

She loved to talk but loathed to listen.

Stuck in her own little world she'd talk and talk and talk;

Jibber jabber, yakkety yak, blabbery blather, chittery chat.

Bea cared very little for what others had to say,

Let's put it this way;

She'd be a mastermind if her specialist subject were herself.

She was so full of hot air she could fill a balloon and fly it to the moon and back without being out of breath.

She talked so much that all the donkeys in the village where she lived were missing hind-legs.

She'd just go on and on and on and on.

'Did I ever tell you about when I did this, that and the other?

I know him and I know her, I've met his sister and his brother.

Did you hear about the time that I went there back again?

Did I mention who and what and why and how and where and when?

'I, I, I,

At first Beatrice barely noticed the delicate drone coming from her lovely locks,
And she continued to blather and blab and gossip and gas.
But the humming inside her haircut was getting louder every day,
And as each line of language left her lips,
Another brainwashed bumblebee would buzz into her barnet.
Like a pied piper, playing magical music,
Bea's dulcet drones entranced the intoxicated insects.
Bees would fly from miles around,
Attracted by this magical sound,
'til Bea had bees from everywhere,
Now nesting in her beehive hair.
Soon people started to avoid Beatrice,
Even more than usual.
Scared stiff of the stinging storm-cloud that swarmed around her.
But Bea was wrapped up so tightly in herself that she barely noticed.
She had become almost oblivious to the existence of others.
When she approached, people would run in the opposite direction,
But all this meant was that she'd have to talk even louder to be heard.
And now she shouted every word.
'I, I, I
ME, ME, ME
MY, MY, MY
BEA, BEA, BEAZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ'
And the louder she got and the more noise she made,
The more bees would arrive, zooming into the hive.

Buzzing, blabbing, babbling and blathering more than ever before.

Beatrice was in seventh heaven.

Surrounded by a swarm of loyal subjects, hanging off her every word.

However, the locals were less enamoured by Queen Bea.

They simply couldn't cope with the cloud of creepy critters that were trespassing in their town.

These bees were a bother, a bellyache and a burden.

A plague of pests polluting picnics and breaking up barbecues.

People couldn't even go outside any longer, for fear of falling foul of this fearsome foe.

Buzzing and zipping and whizzing and stinging.

They were a menace, a nuisance.

And so, they simply had to go.

And Beatrice was banished.

Brian, the local brave beekeeper, bedecked in full protective paraphernalia,

took Beatrice by the hand and led her out into the forest on the far reaches of town where she was left to fend for herself.

At first Beatrice didn't even really notice the lack of company.

She never really paid that much attention to the people around her anyway.

She was quite content with her brigade of bees to blab away to.

But as the weeks wandered by, even the bees began to get bored.

Sick of hearing about:

'I, I, I

Me, me, me

My, my, my

Bea, Bea, Beazzzzzzzzzz'

And eventually, unable to bear her bottomless banter,

They abandoned their beehive and just buzzed off.

And so she was all alone.

Stuck in a forest with a head-full of honey and not a friend in the world.

But once again, wrapped up tightly within her own little mind,

She just kept on nattering, chattering, babbling and gabbling,

And so she barely even noticed the absence of the bees.

Jibber jabber, yakkety yak, blabbery blather, chittery chat,

Natter, chatter, babble, gabble,

burble and blab, gossip and gas.

And as she filled the forest with all her hot air,

the buzzing caught the attentions of a great grizzly bear.

Stirred from its slumber by her yummy honey's scent.

The great big bear wandered through the woods towards Bea's hypnotic humming,

And if she'd only known how to listen she might have heard it coming.

But she sat there wittering and chittering and chattering and nattering,

until she felt a gentle hand rest upon her shoulder.

Suddenly Bea's heart filled with excitement.

Someone to talk to, she'd found herself a friend,

She finally had another brand-new ear which she could bend.

But unable to see, she wasn't aware,

That her new companion was a grizzly bear.

The bear let out a growl that would fill most people with dread.

But Bea didn't listen she just talked instead.

'I, I, I

Me, me, me

Act Two

FEMALE STORYTELLER: At first Tilly tried to hide her tail.

NARRATOR: At first Tilly tried to hide her tail,

she'd wrap it round her tiny waist, or strap it to her thigh,

but it simply kept escaping no matter how hard she would try.

And she was forced to start telling more tales to keep it underwraps

But with every tale her tail grew bigger and stronger and longer and longer and longer and longer, and soon it started making mischief all by itself!

As Tilly slept, her tail would sneak off and snake off down the street...

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Poking policeman,

MALE STORYTELLER: Upsetting apple cart,

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Toppling toddlers,

MALE STORYTELLER: Bothering barmaids,

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Scaring school children,

MALE STORYTELLER: And harassing hairdresser.

NARRATOR: The townspeople started asking questions as to who was behind these dastardly deeds.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: And sadly for poor Tilly it was to be whom all the tale's terrible trails would lead.

NARRATOR: Tilly told even taller tales to try and get herself off the hook.

MALE STORYTELLER: But once again with every appalling untruth she told,

her tail would grow and grow and grow.

NARRATOR: Until one day Tilly's trousers couldn't take it anymore.

The seams stretched and the stitches slowly started to snap, until finally with one exhausted but triumphant tear they ripped...!

And out burst this huge thick glossy tail,

that was almost as big as Tilly herself.

People were shocked and looked at Tilly with surprise.

What was this monstrous appendage that they saw before their eyes?

They began to get suspicious and question what was true,

And soon they remembered that terrible thing she'd sworn she didn't do.

So terrible I'm scared to even say it out loud.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Worse than when she cheated on her English examination.

MALE STORYTELLER: Worse than when she replaced Mummy's medicine with sweeties.

MALE MUSICIAN: Even worse than when she tried to put her bunny in the oven.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: That night Tilly went to bed burning with a fear of being found out,

What if they spoke to the baker?

MALE STORYTELLER: Or the woodcutter?

MALE MUSICIAN: Or the butcher?

FEMALE STORYTELLER: If they did they were sure to find out she was fibbing and they would know the terrible truth!

NARRATOR: But it wasn't just Tilly who was troubled.

Tilly's tail was terrified, fearing for its very existence,

And so it decided to take matters into its own hands.

(The other PLAYERS slam the book shut and take it away from the NARRATOR.)

MALE MUSICIAN: (singing)

Out of sight out of mind like toys left on the shelf,

A clever chameleon, disguising himself,

Never leaving an impression, a stain or a mark,

He was perfectly happy to sit in the dark.

Out of sight, out of view, he was never quite there,

Nobody knew him but he just didn't care.

'Where's Thingummyboy?' the people would say,

Then forget who he was and just be on their way.

NARRATOR: Did I ever tell you about Whodgimaflip? Oh whatsisname?

You know Tingummyboy?

He looks kind of...like well-sort of...- he's quite hard to place.

I'm sorry to say I've forgotten his face.

You see the thing about Thingummyboy is that he was so terribly shy.

He thought no one would listen, so he just didn't try.

So bland he could blend into backgrounds at will,

It was quite a skill, keeping that still.

Keeping out of the way, never saying a word,

Thingummyboy was not seen AND not heard.

MALE MUSICIAN: (singing)

Out of sight out of mind like toys left on the shelf,

A clever chameleon, camouflaging himself,

Never leaving an impression, a stain or a mark,

He was perfectly happy to sit in the dark.

Out of sight, out of view, he was never quite there,

Nobody knew him but he just didn't care,

'Where's Thingummyboy?' the people would say,

Then forget who he was and just be on their way.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: One fateful day things turned for the worse.

What he thought was a blessing was becoming a curse.

It started at school with the register list,

When suddenly one day his name was just missed.

He tried to speak out, to make a complaint,
But nobody heard him, his voice was too faint.
So he hid in the cupboard and kept out of the way,
And then left at the end of the day.

MALE MUSICIAN: (singing)

Out of sight, out of reach, he was never around,
Perfectly practiced, not making a sound,
Never leaving an impression, a stain or a mark,
He was perfectly happy to sit in the dark.
Out of sight, out of view, he was never quite there,
Nobody knew him but he just didn't care,
'Where's Thingummyboy?' the people would say,
Then forget who he was and just be on their way.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Frightfully forgettable.

NARRATOR: Remarkably unremarkable.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Miraculously unmemorable.

NARRATOR: Poor Thingummyboy.

He stood at the bus stop but the bus just drove by.
The driver didn't see him, he didn't know why.
Not that he minded, but the walk was quite long,
And he couldn't help feeling that something was wrong.
When he got home for dinner, it was getting quite late.
He sat at the table awaiting his plate.
He sat there for hours but the table stayed bare.
It was almost as if he just wasn't there.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: So he climbed up the stairs, to get ready for bed.

With grumbling stomach, and an ache in his head.

But it seems in his absence his mother decided

to redecorate the room in which he resided.

Poor Thingummyboy's heart soon filled up with gloom,

Upon realising his bedroom was now a spare room.

He nearly said something but thought it was best

To continue his silent protest.

Poor Thingummyboy curled on the floor,

No blanket, no pillow and a draught from the door.

He wanted to scream and wake up the whole house.

But instead he just lay there as quiet as a mouse.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: The next morning he woke at the cracking of dawn.

As stiff as can be, he let out a huge yawn,

And headed to the bathroom for his morning routine,

To have a quick wash and give his teeth a good clean.

He rolled up his sleeves and pulled down his hood,

Gazed in the mirror but things didn't look good.

He stared at the spot where his face should have been,

But he saw no reflection, no face, to be seen.

Even the mirror had forgotten his face.

NARRATOR: And in place of that face was simply a space.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: In horror he gasped, and tried to cry out...

NARRATOR: ...But his voice had forgotten to shout.

MALE STORYTELLER: Now this is what happened and I know it sounds weird,

But Thingummyboy had simply disappeared.

He'd become so adept at not being missed,

Poor Thingummyboy now ceased to exist.

And so sadly it ends,

Out of sight and out of mind,

Thingummyboy left his whole life behind.

So if you think you've seen a ghost or felt something in the air,

It could be poor Thingummyboy, trying to let you know he's there.

NARRATOR: Little Linena was made of cloth.

And wherever she went little bits got torn off.

So she had to replace them with pieces she picked up,

From tailors and retailers and second-hand shops.

Now each part of little Linena was a patch,

Though none of them matched.

Her toes were old towels.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Her legs were linen.

MALE STORYTELLER: Her hips were hessian.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Her stomach, a sack...

NARRATOR: ...and so was her back.

MALE STORYTELLER: Her chest, cheap polyester.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Her shoulders shabby suede.

MALE MUSICIAN: Her arms were another unpleasant artificial fiber, leading to her used handkerchief hands.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Her neck an old knitted cardy.

MALE STORYTELLER: Her face a filthy flannel.

NARRATOR: And her long, lank hair, the laces of a hundred old boots.

But little Linena was sad.

She didn't like being patchy...

MALE STORYTELLER: a hotchpotch,

FEMALE STORYTELLER: a mishmash,

NARRATOR: She longed to be made of finer fabric.

MALE STORYTELLER: To be at the forefront of fashion, like all those famous faces she sees
on the covers of magazines,

Flouncing around on catwalks,

FEMALE STORYTELLER: She coveted quality and ached to be expensive.

To be made of material so soft that it demands to be touched and stroked.

NARRATOR: And so one day little Linena stole some scissors

And off she went snip, snip, snip

NARRATOR, MALE STORYTELLER & FEMALE STORYTELLER: Cutting and slashing
and tearing and hacking, ripping and chopping.

Snip snip, snip snip.

Sneaking and stealing and grabbing and thieving, a bit here, a bit there.

Snip snip, snip snip.

NARRATOR: A wealthy old widow, taking tea in Chelsea with her little Chihuahuas...

NARRATOR, MALE STORYTELLER & FEMALE STORYTELLER: Snip snip, snip snip.

NARRATOR: A young royal at the races, trussed up to the nines...

NARRATOR, MALE STORYTELLER & FEMALE STORYTELLER: Snip snip, snip snip.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: An alluring actress at a premiere, dressed for the press....

NARRATOR, MALE STORYTELLER & FEMALE STORYTELLER: Snip snip, snip snip.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: A famous fashionista, flashing flesh for photographers...

NARRATOR, MALE STORYTELLER & FEMALE STORYTELLER: Snip snip, snip snip.

NARRATOR: And now little Linena had more marvellous material than she could ever dreamed of,
so, she started to sew...

NARRATOR: And soon...

MALE STORYTELLER: She had fabulous feet of the finest fur,
With tweed toes...

FEMALE STORYTELLER: ...And legs of luscious leather.
Her hips were now of the highest quality.

MALE STORYTELLER: Her stomach spun from the smoothest and snuggest sheep's wool.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Her chest chiffon.

MALE STORYTELLER: Her shoulders silk.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Her arms angora, with fashionable fabric fingers on handsome hand-knitted hands.

MALE STORYTELLER: Her neck was now quality cashmere,
And her face was the most fabulous feature of all,
Made from voluptuous velvet with Chihuahua fur cheeks.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: And her long hair was no longer bootlaces but braided from the wool of Tibetan llamas.

MALE MUSICIAN: Linena looked lovely, and she was very proud.

NARRATOR: So proud she freely flounced up and down the streets to show off her new threads...
And just as she wished she was now so soft and special,
That strangers in the street would stop her,

FEMALE STORYTELLER: and stroke her,

MALE MUSICIAN: and prod her,

MALE STORYTELLER: and poke her,

NARRATOR: and pat her,

FEMALE STORYTELLER: and push her,

MALE STORYTELLER: and grab her,

FEMALE STORYTELLER: and grope her.

MALE STORYTELLER: and soon all those grimy, grubby fingers began to take their toll...

FEMALE STORYTELLER: ...and little Linena's lovely looks were all sullied and soiled,

And tatty and torn.

FEMALE MUSICIAN: But when she tried to wash herself inside her washing machine...

FEMALE MUSICIAN: Disaster struck! As all her different parts were either handwash or dry-clean.

NARRATOR: And so she was ruined and ragged once more.

Poor little Linena all patchy and mis-matchy.

And to top it all she was set upon by furious followers of fashion,

Engaged by the chunks that had been cheekily chopped from their favourite glamorous garments,

They brandished their scissors with violent vengeance.

the wild old widow, with her howling, hairless hounds...

NARRATOR, MALE STORYTELLER & FEMALE STORYTELLER: Snip snip, snip snip.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: The extremely angry actress pursued by paparazzi...

NARRATOR, MALE STORYTELLER & FEMALE STORYTELLER: Snip snip, snip snip.

MALE STORYTELLER: The furiously fashionista, fuming at the hole in her otherwise flawless frock...

NARRATOR, MALE STORYTELLER & FEMALE STORYTELLER: Snip snip, snip snip.

NARRATOR: The really rather irate royal on returning from the races...

NARRATOR, MALE STORYTELLER & FEMALE STORYTELLER: Snip snip, snip snip,
snip snip, snip snip, snip snip, snip snip, snip snip, snip snip...

MALE MUSICIAN: And once the snips finally stopped,

There was very little left of Linena.

FEMALE MUSICIAN: Just a few rags and threads and scraps, hardly enough for a little girl at all.

NARRATOR: There are many moral lessons to be learnt from poor little Linena,

I'm sure you won't have missed them all.

But spare a thought for her, the next time you washed your socks.

It's not easy being a material girl.

NARRATOR: Late that night when everyone was asleep, and it was as dark as dark could be,

Tilly's tail snuck out and one by one it visited the Baker,

the Woodcutter

and the Butcher,

and made sure they would NEVER tell the world about Tilly's terrible tail.

MALE STORYTELLER: The next morning when Tilly awoke she found the terrified townspeople,

All talking about what had happened the night before.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: When Tilly heard she couldn't believe it was true,

And she ran all the way to the baker's shop to see it for herself.

MALE MUSICIAN: Tilly knew straight away that her tail was behind it all,

and in a fit of fear and fury she grabbed her tail and threw it into the baker's over.

And with a great deep breath she slammed the big heavy door on to her tail,

hoping to break it off and free herself from its cruel clutches.

FEMALE STORYTELLER, MALE STORYTELLER & MALE MUSICIAN: SLAM, SLAM, SLAM!

FEMALE STORYTELLER: But the tail was too strong and the door didn't even make a dent.

So she ran to the woodcutter's cabin and grabbing his hatchet she started hacking away...

FEMALE STORYTELLER, MALE STORYTELLER & MALE MUSICIAN: HACK, HACK, HACK!

MALE MUSICIAN: But again her tail was too tough and too tall for her to chop,
and the axe blade just blunted and broke.

MALE STORYTELLER: So she sprinted to the butchers and grabbed his big butcher's knife,
and tried to slice and sever her terrible tail...

FEMALE STORYTELLER, MALE STORYTELLER & MALE MUSICIAN: SLICE, SLICE,
SLICE

MALE STORYTELLER: but to no avail.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: It was as powerful as ever,
and she knew there was only one way to rid herself of her terrible tail once and for all
and that was to...

NARRATOR: - TELL THE TRUTH!

And so she told all the townspeople that she had an important announcement to make,.
And that she would meet them all at the won hall,
At noon on the dot!

MALE MUSICIAN: Noon came.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: The clock struck.

MALE STORYTELLER: The bell rang and the crowd waited.

FEMALE MUSICIAN: They waited. And they waited. And they waited.

MALE STORYTELLER: But Tilly never came.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: And she was never seen again.

MALE MUSICIAN: So the townsfolk never really knew the total truth.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: But many put two and two together.

MALE STORYTELLER: As for Tilly? Well some say the Tail took total control...

FEMALE STORYTELLER: ...And it now forces her to wander the world on a never-ending
mission,
retelling all of her tallest tales to anyone who'll listen.

MALE STORYTELLER: Others say they went their separate ways,
and the tail nor writes best-selling books and plays.

MALE MUSICIAN: Who knows?

FEMALE MUSICIAN: So if you're ever telling tales.

MALE MUSICIAN: And I hope you never do.

FEMALE STORYTELLER: Make sure those tales don't get too tall....

MALE STORYTELLER: ...and take control of *you*.

THE END